

# The outside looking in: a glimpse of the other side

[Business](#)



In reality, I guess I wish I knew what I am looking for, like everybody else. It's not that I don't have talents, or wants or needs but how do I get there? Kind of seems ridiculous that I know what's ahead of me but am still unsure as to why I feel like am I moving backwards. Some people seem so sure about themselves, and those people ruin me. In school they shine, smiling in between classes, carrying a pile of texts books as nonchalantly as ever while I struggle with not tripping over my self (metaphorically as well as literally). It's hard to say why I don't feel like I succeed. I suppose I get in my own way a great deal, but only because I have difficulty pursuing things I do not care for.

. which in its entirety is the epitome of the high school life style. While everyone else applies to a series of universities, I sit back in physics class, staring out the window wishing I could jump and then soar above everyone, ignoring the lesson on velocities or the forces of the universe (which could help me a great deal if I ever did jump). The idea that I should probably be paying attention boggles my mind, and it hurts me knowing that I can't force my mind to wander into something so unknown to me. The fact of it being so unknown to me is not at all the reason as to why I don't care, although it would be a lot easier to explain if it were. I can't help but wonder about how this came to be, the whole idea that it was necessary for us to extend our minds into the unknown and learn about the magical things that make up our lives.

To me, the magic is definitely not a part of Ms. Draper's period 7, but the idea of as she stands there, teaching the lesson she undoubtedly planned on that the lonely Sunday night, that she still forces a smile. With her awful

wardrobe, and squeaky New Balance charcoal black sneakers, she speaks to us as if she is the authority. She barely works 9 to 5 and gets paid a measly amount for a subject that is rarely understood, all while students are forced to learn from her and do not have the desire to learn this most fascinating subject. There are times where I feel incredibly sad for her, as I watch her struggle to force this agonizing topic into our heads.

At the same time, it is quite obvious to me that she realizes a lot of what she says goes unnoticed. Here she is, a master of her domain, a professor in physics and a bunch of snotty 10th graders take this opportunity for granted. But why not? We do what we can to get the grade and let that be the end of it. This is without a doubt the mind set that we students have for our “less important” classes and teachers seem to be accepting it. When the 3: 01 bell rings, I watch as my teachers breath a slow, tormented sigh of relief, careful to not be obvious to their students, and they walk towards their desk.

They claim it, and watch as the students abandon everything they had supposedly just learned. “See you tomorrow,” they say. They walk to their computer, shut off the monitor and stare far off into a place they would rather be.